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"OUE DEAR CHILD WHO ROSE INTO HEAVEN."
TWO HOURS, TUESDAY, NOV. 17, 1898.

MY DARLING: I have arrived in Troy, my supper, and now drop you a line of remembrance before the night comes. I have begun my winter's work in earnest, leaving home this morning, I cut a long look behind, and exclaimed inwardly (as Eve in the Garden, exclaimed outwardly):

"MUST I LEAVE THEE, PARADISE?"

I will confess to a feeling, on coming away to-day, of unusual disquiet of mind, something akin to the tremor of spirits. This was occasioned exclusively by my sudden absence from home as I sat at sunset with my loneliness, however, passed during the day.

Twilight and nightfall came upon our trail like a passing Newburg. I never see that night, with its cold blue light, but think of our dear child who rose from this mortal coil into Heaven. I thought anew of all my moon-sail down the river that night, carrying that corpse in the bow of the steamboat, the moonbeams silvered the box in which the body lay. But no sorrow entered my thoughts, for I thought, "It is thus." "Time," as the proverb says, "is the great healer." At this distance from that grave suggestion of Matus's death comes to my mind not on the contrary, every backward look on her birth, her sickness, her death, her person, worthy tribute of fresh flowers from her hands, and the thoughts are full of its reality and sweet delight to my kind.

Good night, my darling! Kiss the children for their father's sake. THEODORE.

I WISH YOU WERE HERE."

BURLINGTON, N. Y., Tuesday, Nov. 23, 1898—10 p.m.

MY DARLING: The latter is gold—perfect—incomparable. The Glen Mount and Lake Champlain are among God's works. The moon, that pursued me in Hudson, tarries with me in my chamber to-night. But I wish you were here, instead of Diana her chilliness.

THEODORE.

I WOULD NOT EXCHANGE MY WIFE FOR ANY OTHER WOMAN IN THE WORLD."

ALTONA, Pa., Monday Night, Nov. 26, 1898.

MY DARLING: After riding all day,—reading, thinking, napping, and, catching cold,—I have brought up in this well-remembered place about 11 o'clock. Here, two days ago, I met a sister by the floods. I am and you are both the same to me to the core. It made me more cheerful to if I had left you in the tearful mood in which you and Florence stood in the parlor this morning. Your tears compelled me to be somewhat reserved, lest I should have tears to match.

Your parting question, whether or not you love totally and thoroughly satisfied me. I have been answered by a voluntary and spontaneous hug round the neck, were it not that spectators were looking into the carriage, and the Herald might have contained, the next day, a report of the scene.

As I think it possible for a husband to love another more heartily and more unobtainably than you love me. And I believe that love, in return, is as much as it is possible for me to bear toward a woman.

Whether a wife loves more than a husband, a husband more than a wife, I am unable to say. I think, however, and that is: I would not exchange my wife for any other woman. If I were to-day an unmarried ship, I would anchor in the self-same harbor of peace with your own true love has made for me.

You still edify yourself for a fancied failure in filling your husband's ideal of a wife. No—you have created my ideal of a wife, and like God's people, your own love, example, character and rebuke to my wife and I have been sometimes, and therefore to the intense expression of warm affection, nevertheless I never accept flatteries, and not often praise. But, now that I am face to face with a three months' absence from you, your own love, example, character and rebuke to my wife and I have been sometimes, and therefore to the intense expression of warm affection, nevertheless I never accept flatteries, and not often praise. But, now that I am face to face with a three months' absence from you, your own love, example, character and rebuke to my wife and I have been sometimes, and therefore to the intense expression of warm affection, nevertheless I never accept flatteries, and not often praise.

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A MOMENTARY ILLUSION.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Tuesday, Nov. 27, 1898.

MY DEAREST DARLING: I have safely reached the city of the "Great West." I have been in this moment of all the moments of the day, I wish you were here. It is the twilight hour; the room is cozy and cheerful; the soft-coal fire is bright; the rocking-chair is empty; and ever this invites you to step into this snug and cozy chamber. I am driven nowadays to listless and listless, and I have been sometimes, and therefore to the intense expression of warm affection, nevertheless I never accept flatteries, and not often praise. But, now that I am face to face with a three months' absence from you, your own love, example, character and rebuke to my wife and I have been sometimes, and therefore to the intense expression of warm affection, nevertheless I never accept flatteries, and not often praise.

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much love upon a man as you upon me. That was the sweetest word in all his letter. I thank you for your profusion of affection. Perhaps I have been a little of a change in myself, as not being the best judge in all my own mind, and sincerely believe that your devotion, fidelity, and lavishness of love, are making me a better man. In one of my letters I mentioned that sometimes I felt as if you were praying for me at that moment. I have had the same impression many times since. Again, I have a certain influence. I dare not do or think wrong. I wear a wall about my day and night. I have never lived as victorious a life in my soul, as during these lonely winter-days. If selfish thoughts come up, I chide them down. If the spirit of this world is in me, I smother it. I remember that the only greatness is in modesty, in self-denial, in the patient performance of duty, in a steady and forethinking to the Eternal Life.

The more I think of the whole subject of religion, of theology, of the church, of doctrines, of creeds, I am inclined to undervalue, or rather to undervalue, the value of everything but the Christian character. I have been a student of the Bible, and a daily familiarity with religious creeds, traditions, and worship; and still, after all, I am yet to lay a first foundation of a true Christian character. I see so much in my travels that goes to show the contentment these people with low lives instead of the high life of the Christian. I am full of pure, with selfish greed instead of generous self-sacrifice, that heretofore I mean of take pattern, not after men, but after the Great Teacher. The words that keep ringing in my ears are, "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." Our lives are to be not merely good, but the best; not merely noble, but the highest; our purposes not only noble, but the noblest.

Now, my darling, I have found out a way of visiting home without your knowing it. I have thought a little Scotch cap, which I carry in my pocket, and when I wear it, in school, by my head, it feels like a gentle hand laid against my forehead. As soon as I get weary in my ride, I draw my cap over my eyes, shut out the day-light, step across the Mississippi, the prairies, the Alleghenies, and the East River, back to New York, and I am in my night-gear, without noise, into my own room, and I am in my bed, without noise. First of all I sit a moment in the great arm-chair, and look around at the pictures, the statuettes, and the dome. Then I creep softly into the parlor, and sit on the red lounge. No body is at the piano or organ. Where can the Lord be? I look for a voice that will tell me it is midnight. You are sitting at your desk, writing a letter to me, not dreaming that I am at that very moment looking over your shoulder. But, like one in a dream, if I put out my hand to touch you, I cannot do it. There you sit. I can only see you, love you, and bless you. I cannot make my hand touch you, but I can feel you. I have the experience of the disembodied dead who revisit the living. Meanwhile, the living, unaware of the dead, cry:

Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

I leave you at your desk, and glide up-stairs. The two little girls are fast asleep in one bed. I peep into my own chamber, and see a bed and pillow uncared by any sleeper. The pictures on the walls give me solace and welcome. I enjoy the view of the city from the balcony. I see the lights of naps, and notions, and prayers. I take a glimpse of Cad and Libbie. I go into the third-story, to see if you have any company in the guest-chamber. No, nobody but the pictured soldier who has returned to find his wife dead. I look for a voice that will tell me it is midnight. "Am I a ghost or not? Am I alive or dead?" I come down-stairs again, take another look at the dear writer at her desk, and then suddenly rush out of the house, hastening back, over hill and valley, river and lake, to get to my appointment. I am a mile from home, where I wait vainly for the letter which I saw you writing shall be delivered to my hand.

I told you that I have now four of your letters. I saw you write them all! O my sweet sister, wife, and angel,—all in one,—love me for evermore. Yours devotedly, THEODORE.

"HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT I DID NOT BRING HER WITH ME?"

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 15, 1860.

MY DARLING: While riding in the richly cars this morning, I wrote you a letter in lead-pencil, but had no opportunity to mail it till arriving at home. I shall inclose it in the same envelope with this.

Jefferson City is the Capital of Missouri,—a town beautifully situated! The State-House stands on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River, commanding a spectacle as grand as any one scene seen in looking from the riverbank down the Hudson toward the foot of the Highlands. It is when I see such sights as I have seen this afternoon, and such as I now see out of my window this moonlight evening, that I feel like a "miser" truly "miserable." To be enjoying such scenes, and realize that I am a poor creature, and that the brute world is half-covered with ice; the sky is the perfection of clearness; and the moon is approaching her full.

"How is it possible," I say to myself, "that I did not bring her with me on this journey?" Certainly she has followed me in her fancies, but certainly it has its delight.

I am more and more of the opinion that I shall ask you to join me in Chicago in January, and perform the easier part of my tour in company with your otherwise lonesome but affectionate husband, THEODORE.

"DELICIOUS! WORDS FROM HOME."

THE ILLINOIS PRIMER, Dec. 20, 1860.

MY SWEET WIFE: I told you yesterday that so many delightful words from home as were spoken to me by my handful of letters would throw me into my best vein. I have had the same impression since my last letter last evening as well as I ever enjoyed making a public speech in my life. The hall was as elegant, and nearly as large, as Music Hall, Boston, or old Tupper Hall, New York. Its chandeliers, its red-cushioned chairs, its grand platform, and its noble audience, combined to make me feel as if I were in the most beautiful and inspiring. The assemblage was composed of both Radicals and Rebels.

But I have no difficulty with the Rebels—they all like frank, square-cut, sharp-edged speech. I find that they respect me more for being a Radical, than they would if I were a Conservative.

Going afterwards to my room, I was so full of life and spirits that I sat down immediately and wrote a little story for Florence. Oh! I could have a letter from you at every place waiting me on my arrival.

But I have no time to write to the newspapers,—what they say of me; and half that I see, I do not stop to read. But I think you will be amused at the intossed reference to yourself. No,—I've lost the paper after all. But it had as article from the Cincinnati *Gazette* describing me as the most popular man in the most truly great city in the West. I believe the article is in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, mentioning the "olive-plants around Mr. Tilton's table."

To you, the mother-stalk of these plants, and to the tender plants themselves, I send my love. As ever, THEODORE.

AT LINCOLN'S GRAVE.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 20, 1860.

MY SWEET WIFE: I visited this afternoon the grave of Abraham Lincoln. Two oak trees stand over it, dropping their crisp and dead leaves on the grass. I send you one of the leaves, which I picked up on the 20th of May. As I walked around the grave, or the vault,—for it is not a hillock, but a structure of masonry,—I brought up the picture of the good man kissing our dear Florence. If she should be spared to old age, she will have that incident as a story to tell to her grand old man, and to her children. That Abraham Lincoln was one of the great men of the world, but I had always a tender feeling towards him, akin to personal affection. The great fault of our American statesmen and public leaders is lack of that moral courage which, of all endowments, makes man most truly great. More and more I believe in the absolute fidelity to Justice, and Equality. Every public

CARROLLTON, Ill., Aug. 12.—At the Co

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